

# The Middlebury Register.

VOLUME XXII.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1857.

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## THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

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PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

JUSTICE COBB, ..... RUFUS MEAD.

### TERMS.

The Register will be sent one year, by mail, or delivered at the office, where payment is made strictly in advance, for \$1.50. Delivered by carrier, paid strictly in advance, 2.00. If not paid within six months, 50 cents additional.

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### BUSINESS CARDS.

**JOHN W. STEWART,**  
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. 26

**CALVIN G. TILDEN,**  
Fire and Life Insurance Agent.  
Office, in the Engine Building. 20  
Middlebury, Nov. 25, 1856. 32;

**CHARLES L. ALLEN, M. D.,**  
Physician & Surgeon,  
Having resigned his Professorship in the Eastern Medical College, and also having terminated his engagement with Middlebury College, will give his services to the community at the Addison County Office at his residence, first house North of the Congregational Meeting House, Middlebury, Nov. 25, 1856. 22;1y

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TAILOR.  
Informs his friends and customers, that he has opened a shop in Stewart's building over the store of R. L. Fuller, where he will attend to all business in his line. Cutting done to order. WANTED—A good journeyman. Middlebury, Oct. 15, 1856. 26;1f

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## POETRY.

For the Register.

Evening.

The bright sun is behind yonder hill—  
What a beautiful sight he wears!  
The black-birds sing from mountain and  
rill—  
The moon is shining down stairs!  
How sweet the night-zephyr fans the green trees  
They are waving yonder old rock,  
And the sweet, sunny flowers are dancing at ease—  
Ah! don't you think your new frock?  
The moon on the ocean the moon shows her head;  
How merry the evening stars wink!  
No traces are left of the sun's brilliant red—  
Now, Charles you're spilling my ink!  
What low, mournful music floats over the plain  
Galling forward our tears and our joys?  
'Tis the whip-poor-will singing his sweet note  
again—  
Pray, children, don't make such a noise!  
The crickets are humming their cheerful tune,  
Yet it always sounds sadly to me;  
But oh, how I love a clear evening in June—  
They're calling us down to our tea!  
Orwell, July 18th.

### "Nothing to Wear."

AN EPISODE OF CITY LIFE.

We give below the beginning of this clever satire upon the fashions and extravagances of New York female aristocracy. A nice edition of this poem has just been published by EDDY & CARLETON, New York; price 50 cents.  
Miss Flora M. Flimsey, of Madison Square,  
Has just made three separate journeys to Paris,  
And her father assures me, each time she was there,  
That she and her friends Mrs. Harris,  
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,  
But plain Mrs. H., without romance of mystery.)  
Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,  
In one continuous round of shopping;  
Shopping alone, and shopping together,  
At all hours of day, and in all sorts of weather;  
For all manner of things that a woman can put  
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,  
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist  
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,  
Or tied on with string, or stitched on with bow,  
In front or behind, above or below;  
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars and shawls,  
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;  
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;  
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;  
Dresses for winter, spring, summer and fall;  
All of them different in color and pattern,  
Silk, muslin, and lace, cape, velvet, and satin,  
Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material,  
Quite as expensive and much more ethereal;  
In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,  
Or milliner, modiste, or tradesman be bought of.  
From ten thousand franc robes to twenty-four  
frills;  
In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,  
While M. Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded and swore,  
They footed their goods and he footed the bills.  
The last trip, their streets shipped by the steamer  
Apropos.

Formed M. Flimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo  
And yet, though scarce three months have passed  
since the day  
This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up  
Broadway,  
This same Miss M. Flimsey of Madison Square,  
The last time we met was in utter despair,  
Because she had nothing whatever to wear!  
NOTHING TO WEAR! Now as this is a little ditty,  
I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—  
That she's in a state of absolute nudity,  
Like Powers' Greek Slave, or the Medici Venus,  
But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare,  
When at the same moment she had on a dress  
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent  
less,  
And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess  
That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

I should mention just here, that out of Miss F.'s  
'Two hundred and fifty or sixty dollars,  
I had just been selected as he who should throw  
all  
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal  
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,  
Of those fossil remains which she called "her af-  
fections,"  
And that rather decayed but well known work of  
art,  
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her heart."

**A PAR WEST SANCTUM.**—The Kansas correspondent of the Richmond Inquirer in a recent letter to that paper, thus described the sanctum of the editor of the Weekly Herald printed in Lavenworth (Kansas) City at the time he made a visit.

It will not be amiss here to give you a sketch of the office as presented to the eye of a stranger from Louisiana. "A visit to the printing office afforded a rich treat. On entering the first room on the right hand, three jaw 'shingles' were on the door; on one side was a rich bed—French blankets, sheets, table cloths, shirts, cloaks and rugs all together; on the wall hung maps, venison and rich engravings, onions, portraits and boots; on the floor were a side of bacon, carved to the bone, corn and potatoes, stationary and books; on a nice dressing case stood a wooden tray half full of dough, while cracker occupied the professional desk. In the room on the left—the sanctum—the housewife, cook and editor lived in glorious unity—one person. He was seated on a stool, with a paper before him on a piece of plank, writing a vigorous knock down to an article in the Kickapoo Pioneer, a pa. or of a rival city. The cooking stove was at his left, and tin kettle all around; the corn cuke was a don't, and instead of scratching his head for an idea, as editors often do, he turned the cuke and went ahead."

—The municipal government of Paris presents medals and testimonials of honor to cab drivers who distinguish themselves by delivering up articles left by passengers in their vehicles. During the last year the gold, silver, bank notes, and securities payable to bearer, deposited by the drivers with the commissaries of police, amounted to more than \$50,000, independently of a great number of articles of jewelry, and other things of more or less value.

The following interesting description of a rookery in one of the South Sea Islands we take from "Fanning's Voyages" to those islands in 1792. After reading this account of the immense swarms of birds that congregate at these rookeries, we shall be less surprised at the marvelous quantities of guano obtained there.

"So soon as the ship was safely moored, and dinner over, a boat was manned for the shore. After sending on board the ship some geese and ducks which we had shot soon after landing, we started, taking along a large salt basket in which to bring back some eggs for supper; for the bird rookery, which lies up a valley, on the opposite or sea-board side of the island, is at a distance of something like three quarters of a mile across to it. This rookery, (as it is called) contains, or extends over, a patch of ground of from four to six acres, on a side hill, surrounded with high bogs of the coarse grass called tassucks. Over this area the birds, such as the albatrosses, penguins, and shags, have their nests, and to all appearance cover the entire surface in one grand assemblage. In fact, so closely side by side are they mixed together, that there is considerable difficulty in walking among them, great caution being necessarily exercised lest one should tread upon them, for they are so void of fear as to suffer themselves to be taken with the hands; yet in order to proceed, one is constantly obliged to push and kick them out of the way. On their part nothing backward, they return this rough manner of proceeding, with a continued pecking and biting at the hands and feet, frequent with such a painful nip as to start the blood. A continued cackling is kept up by this feathered fraternity to such a degree of clamor, that persons walking among them, within a yard of each other, cannot understand what their companions are talking about, or even hear them, unless the speaker calls out in a loud voice what he has to say.

The albatross is the largest bird in this rookery. Their nests are built with mud, mixed with coarse grass, much in the form of a sugar loaf, but concave at the top, which forms the nest, about fourteen inches in diameter at the base, and from sixteen to twenty-four inches in height. On the top of this mound, its nest, sits this noble bird, in seeming pride and grandeur. They generally lay from two to four eggs, and in defence of these, or their young, will suffer themselves to be destroyed rather than abandon them. The seamen, in order to obtain their eggs, manage by the assistance of their cut clubs, to pry the bird off its nest with one hand, while with the other they gather the eggs; so soon as this is accomplished the bird resumes its former position, and soon lays more. Between each of these mounds for the nest of the albatross, formed of parcels or bunches of pebbles, mud, dry sticks, grass and feathers, which they have been able to get together, are the nests (if they can be so called) of the penguin and the shag. These will also most stoutly defend their own, and a slap from the side arms of the former, against the shins, is very painful.

The albatross begins to lay its eggs about the tenth of October; these are somewhat larger than those of the goose, having a shell of a dull white, the yolk being yellow, and if well cooked, makes a good dish for the table. The shag's eggs are speckled, with a blood red yolk, and are not good for eating, having a strong fishy taste. The eggs most preferred of all the South Sea country produce, are those of the Macaronie penguin. This noble bird commences its laying during the first part of November; I have never known their eggs to be obtained at this rookery earlier than the second day of this month. These are a size larger than those of our domestic ducks, with a white shell, and much stronger than the shag's; the substance being a little of the light blue cast, with a yellow yolk slightly tinged with crimson. They were always preferred by the officers; so much so, that while the ship lay here some were frequently served up at the cabin table with those of the common hen, cooked in different ways and invariably selected on account of their superior flavor, and not being so dry as the hen's. There are four different kinds of this amphibious bird, viz: the King Penguin, which is the largest, the Jackass penguin, the John penguin, and the Macaronie: it is this last only that inhabits the rookeries with the albatrosses; the other three keeping by themselves.

The Macaronie is about sixteen inches high, and has on each side of its head a tuft of thin feathers, richly variegated in color, which gives the bird a very consequential and proud appearance. In its walk, or rather march, it is as erect as a soldier. One could sit for hours and observe their manner of approaching the shore, after a spell of feeding in the sea; to effect this purpose they make choice of a spot where the sea breaks directly against the side of the rocks, and while yet some seventy yards from the landing place, swimming moderately along in solid columns of hundreds together, towards it, commence diving and coming up again to the surface at short distances; this is continued until about thirty feet of their landing, when they dive again, and come up in the surf ten or twelve feet from the rock, with such velocity as to land upon it perfectly erect, and clear of the surf; immediately forming in Indian file, and divided into distinct bodies, each division having its own leader, whom they follow, proceeding in their march up the valley or chasm, to the rookery apparently with as much discipline as ever a company of soldiers manifested on a public parade. The gratification derived from beholding a scene like this, is in a great measure

counterbalanced, in the destruction committed among them by the sea-lions, which place themselves a few rods from the landing place, in the water, watching the time that the penguins are about to commence diving to land, at which period they are the most compact. At this moment the lion settles himself under water with the intention of swimming under them, and when a suitable opportunity offers, rises suddenly in their midst, and seizes one or more of the birds in his jaws; then raising part of his ponderous body out of the water, he bites and shakes this, his prey, until they are torn in pieces, then devouring them. It frequently happens that some of these birds get badly wounded in the legs or wings, and land in this maimed condition; whenever this is the case, they are instantly attacked by their comrades, who peck and bite them until they rise up and take their places in the line of march, or until, by this tormenting, they are killed.

### Derby Day at Epsom.

London's great carnival, the Derby Day, came off on the 27th ult., on a grand scale of magnitude and success. The London Times graphically describes the living, moving panorama presented on this great holiday—"the metropolitan picnic."

What a marvelous resurrection of horse-flesh always takes place on Derby Day! Like the hony villians that can only be assembled by a public execution, so also are the rickety quadrupeds on the road to Epsom to be seen at no other time or place. Where are they kept till the great day calls upon them to exhibit a feeble motion and make believe as if they were going to run? What becomes of them all when the day is past? Every variety of these unfortunate quadrupeds were met yesterday. Some had about as much chance of reaching the Downs as Stonehenge, and human credulity was exhibited in its most aggravated form among the parties who sat behind such beasts, evidently under the notion that they could take them to Epsom.

Epsom race course on a Derby day, as our readers are aware, is a phenomenon quite indescribable. It is a medley—a world on a small scale, such as the Derby only exhibits, for only London could furnish it. No other festival in the world approaches near to it. It is, in fact, a houseless London. London with all its pomp and wealth and splendor, with its luxuries, gentlemen, knaves and fools at once transported as if by magic to the open fields. Like all great sights, it leaves a strong though instinctive impression on the mind, whimsical and bizarre, like the aspect of the course itself, where much is seen and little recollected. Who that saw a Derby once can ever regret it? yet who that has seen it fifty times can tell more than that it is an immense assemblage, as indefinite as the ocean? Yesterday it differed little from the usual cosmopolitan aspect. There were tents and booths of all kinds, from the palatial canvas of Alger down to the miserable tarpaulin shanties and twigs, from out of which the sorrowful daughters of Egypt dispensed unadorned wealth in sixpenny fortunes. There were organ grinders, mount-banks, dancers, fiddlers and beggars, performing monkeys and precocious children. Tender infants that could scarcely stand upon their feet, were made to stand upon their heads in wooden platters, and urchins, scarce weaned, crept up long ladders carefully adjusted on the parental nose, which bore evident tokens of having suffered somewhat in the unusual duties it was called upon to fulfill. Sallow vagabonds in much used "fleshings" contorted themselves after a manner that quite upset all theories as to the use of a back bone. Punches, girls on stilts, ballad-singers, negro melodists grinning from ear to ear, card-sharps, and the never-to-be-sufficiently-anathematized "kerrik cards" abounded as usual. Pickpockets, of course, mustered strong, and must have reaped a bounteous harvest, for until it was time to clear the course, but few policemen to be seen.

The first race generally commands about as much attention as the first piece of a boxing ring. Yesterday there was not even a misgiving as to the state of the turf to give it interest, and all the varied noises of a race-course continued with almost unabated vigor. Not so, however, as the time for the event commenced. The uproar gradually stilled down into a busy hum, and silence deepened as excitement and expectation increased. Just before the first flag start a fixed, solemn attention reigned over the whole multitude that compared with the former restless uproar, seemed hushed and impressive. The excitement rose to an intense pitch, odds were given and taken for or against almost anything. Only in subdued exclamations or long drawn breaths was the disappointment of the false starts acknowledged.

There were the usual number of break downs on the road, some of which seemed quite inexplicable. Carts that looked as if they could not be relied upon to go a mile, jogged on securely with six or seven inside with a small party on the shafts, while apparently sound vehicles came to grief with such astonishing facility as to lead to a general suspicion that they must have been made at some government establishment. An immense number of visitors came per rail—not less than between 16,000 and 17,000.

Suddenly there was a hoarse murmur gradually swelling into an uproar—a confused, dull trampling, and a rush like a whirlwind, as the horses swept by—the colors mixed, changed, and vanished in the distance; and, ere you could collect a thought or hazard a guess, the Derby was run and won. There's all the race was scarcely unexpected; for Blink Bon-

ny, the winner, had throughout the winter, been the leading favorite, and had only lost her position in the betting.

Correspondence of the New York Observer.

Western Vermont.

OTTER CREEK AND BELDEN'S FALLS.

MIDDLEBURY, Vt., June 16, 1857.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Observer in a communication dated at Middlebury, describes quite minutely this romantic canon in the Otter Creek, which seems to have lost nothing of effect in making characteristic appeal to the sensibilities of a stranger. Belden's Falls for a short time was in use for a water power, its occupant as such sleeps near, but for forty years back has been left to a solitude as favorable to the picturesque as to that sympathy with it which is one of the purest of natural or social pleasures.

I took the railroad track from Middlebury and left it near the falls at some quarries of white marble, abandoned. I am told, because of its hardness and brittleness, although it takes a polish like ivory. I saw no sign of inhabitants near the falls, but soon struck into one of those paths that instinctively suggest the lovers of nature rather than the devotees of Mammon. How do we determine this? These characteristic paths are not straight nor narrow nor of easy grade: limbs and trunks of trees have been often grasped by soft and delicate hands. Here at sunset I felt

"Like one who treads alone,  
Some banquet hall deserted;  
Whose lights are dim, whose garlands dead,  
And all but me departed."

A rustic bridge spanned a chasm in which was compressed all Otter Creek in furious descent. It landed me on a rock isolated by a narrow chasm which in floods carries a part of the river—an island, in fact, in high water, or rather a high huge block of limestone, occupying much more than half the channel. It is bounded by a precipice. From the lower side I looked down upon another island breasting the cataract in its mid slope and forcing a considerable part of it through a long straight deep pass or flume on the western side. Down this steep descent it rushes against an overhanging cliff that sends it partly spinning round in an eddy and partly over another fall. Here it meets the third island in its course, breasting and dividing the stream, part of which passes through a natural arch in a large square block of stone from which it issues in a cascade of its own. The main part of the western arm having been set to undermine two more cliffs against which it is dashed, has achieved its fall.

Let us now recross the bridge on the eastern side, strike the river at an eddy below and follow it up. Here the shore is strewn with pieces of timber. We wonder to see how much each piece is worn and rounded as if it had come all the way from Mt. Tabor and impinged upon every obstacle it could find. But I recognize many of them as from Middlebury palisade-factory that have suffered all their misadventures in two falls only. Nor will you wonder when you look again at the falls. I have seen many cataracts, Tequendama and Niagara among the rest; but never have I seen water so vexed and buffeted with thick-strewn obstacles, from one to another of which it dashes.

Its very first leap is obliquely against the eastern wall of its prison. Next is a violent plunge by reflection against the upper island and then full against the lower one. Here it runs up hill for some distance and in certain stages is thrown in a high continuous jet into the air. Part is thrown into the flume and the rest is rushing under the rock on which we stand. We got up a little further, and we discovered that we were standing directly over a cauldron scooped out to an unknown depth where the river must turn itself over and over and tie itself up into knots in its hurried efforts to escape. By another and final leap it makes its escape into the eddy below.

Just behind us, as we look at the stream, is a cave capable of sheltering a large party from the most driving storm, and running it is said, many rods into the hill. Of what scene have these rocks been the silent witnesses! Low voices designed to carry thought to but one alone of all the company have been shut out from all inquisitive ears by the friendly disposition of the cataract. And if a hand has been retained a little after the semblance of danger is past, but at a point still where a plunge would bury the victim forever so that not a shred of clothing would reach the surface, what wonder? I myself might do the same in similar circumstances, perhaps. I. F. H.

**LADIES' SADDLE HORSES.**—A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator, speaking of the different styles of horses, closes with these just observations:

There is a class of horses but little known amongst us in this country—it is the ladies' saddle-horse of England, where only I have known it in perfection. It would repay the expense of a visit to that country, to take a stand at the entrance of Hyde Park, London, and observe the lady equestrians and their superior horses in the ring on a fine day; the ease and gentleness of manner, so conspicuous in both, being worthy imitation in this and every other country that I have visited. Such a class of horses, if well bred and properly trained—not tied up and screwed down, as is customary amongst us, but left free and untrammelled, would find good markets amongst those who would be able and willing to give good prices, especially amongst rich families having unmarried daughters.

**A SINGULARLY DELIBERATE MURDER.**—In Adams county Miss., a few weeks since, Mr. Duncan Skinner, overseer for a Mrs. Shape, was found murdered in a mysterious manner. Last week three negroes were arrested and proved to be the murderers. According to the testimony, this was one of the most coolly planned and deliberate murders ever committed. The Natchez Courier says:

"The negroes in the house went to Mr. Skinner's house just before day, and aroused him on pretense of a child in the family being sick. He opened the door while in his night clothes, and was knocked down by a blow on his breast from a heavy stick. Three stalwart negroes seized him, and after a severe struggle, succeeded in choking him. While thus insensible they carried him a few rods from the house, and there by main strength dislocated his neck. They got out his clothes, dressed him, and to turn away suspicion, put his watch around his neck, and his purse, with a part of his money, in his pocket, brought out his horse and saddled it, put the lifeless body on it, and led it into the woods, where the body was found. Here, after running the horse up and down, they took off the body, dropped the saddle, and set the animal loose. The latter returned home a few hours after. The body of their victim they placed in such a position as would indicate the probability of accidental death; then brought out his gun, cap, whip and game bag discharged one barrel, and placed several articles in the tracks, as if of a runaway horse.

So long a period had passed that the guilty assassins imagined that the crime was unnoticed and would be forgotten. But a terrible and speedy retribution awaits them. The whole chain of evidence is complete as to the crime, its manner and circumstance. Two three negroes are safely secured, and are now in jail in this city."

**THE SOURCE OF FAT IN ANIMALS.**—During the course of the past year, experiments have been made in France to prove that the fat of animals exceeded the quantity which could be referred to the food they were supplied with. The chief experiments were made on ducks. Some were fed on rice, a substance which contains only a few parts of fat in the thousand. Others were fed on rice, with a certain amount of butter added. At the end of the experiment the first were as lean as when first placed upon the diet; the latter, in a few days, became positively balls of fat. Other experiments were made on pigs. It was found as the result of several trials, that there was more fat produced than was contained in the food on which they were fed, and that pigs fed six months on potatoes yielded no more fat than was contained in the food they consumed. Food which, given alone, has not the property of fattening when mixed with a fatty matter acquires the property to an astonishing degree; and a fattening article of food, which does not contain much fat, always abound with its chemical constituents the principal of which is isozote, and from whence the fat acquired is certainly derived.

**CRUELTY KILLED BY KINSMEN.**—A young woman in Vermont married a poor but worthy man against her father's wish. He drove them from his house and closed his door and heart against them. They came into the vicinity of Boston, went to work, and prospered. After many years the father had occasion to come to Boston. He concluded to go and see his daughter, expecting a cold reception. His daughter and her husband received him most kindly and lovingly. After staying with them awhile he went back to Vermont. One of his neighbors, hearing where he had been asked him how his daughter and her husband had treated him.

"I never was so treated before in my life," said the weeping and broken-hearted father. "They have broken my heart—they have killed me—I don't feel as though I could live under it." "What did they do to you?" asked a neighbor. "Did they abuse you?" "They loved me to death, and killed me with kindness," said he. "I can never forgive myself for treating so cruelly my own darling daughter, who loved me so affectionately. I feel as if I should die when I think how I grieved my precious child when I scorned her from my door. Heaven bless them and forgive my cruelty and injustice to them."

Who does not see in this an infallible cure for difficulties between man and man? There is not a child or a man upon earth who would not feel and say that the daughter, though so deeply wronged and outraged by her angry father, did right in treating him as she did. That father was her enemy, but she was not his. He hated her, but she loved him.

**CARRYING OUT THE IDEA.**—The Marshal Castellon took a fancy not long since—on a very hot day, to have a representation of a battle on a plain near the city of Lyons. While the firing was at its height, he perceived a couple of grandees who, tired out with exercise and the heat, had betaken themselves to a shady spot, and were comfortably stretched on the grass. The Marshal put his horse to his speed, and galloped straight to the delinquents. "Rascals!" he exclaimed, what are you doing here! While your comrades are fighting, you are lying here asleep! What means this neglect of duty?" "Pardon—Marshal!" replied one of the soldiers; "we are personating the dead bodies!" The Marshal laughed, and turning his horse, galloped away.

For the Register.  
OLYMPIA WASHINGTON TERRITORY,  
May 16th 1857.

Mr. Editor: On the 3d of March last, I bade adieu to friends and the scenes of my nativity. An open stage coach hurried me away over frozen ground and through banks of snow, in the very teeth of a keen north easter, to the county town, where I took passage by rail to New York city. My heart was light, for the first step was taken towards the distant west.

We arrived without incident about eleven o'clock P. M. in New York, that place of strange sights and sounds to the novice. I found myself in a new and strange world, surrounded by many noble and imposing specimens of architecture. Passing on through the city, we were forcibly struck with the massive fortress like appearance of the "Tombs" that celebrated prison for holding rogues. It is but one story high, yet it covers an entire square. Its solid stone walls, of great thickness, its ponderous, bolted doors and heavily barred windows, all conspire to give it a grim and sombre appearance. Shuddering at the idea of mere contact with the damp and mouldy walls of its gloomy cells, I renewed my vows to set in conformity with truth honesty and justice, both as a matter of duty, and to avoid the horrors these frightful prisons. During our walk, my attention was arrested by an incident which occurred in the street. One of the omnibuses unexpectedly came to a halt. This produced an instantaneous effect on all behind, as far as I could see; for so closely packed were the vehicles of various kinds in the street, that the motions of all were more or less affected by each. The consequence was, that the various drivers behind, not being able to hold up in time, ran the tongue of their carriages into the stern of the vehicles next proceeding them, thus, for many rods in length, a row of omnibuses strong together like balls on a string. Some colored "gemmen" who happened to be driving carriages where the general smash-up took place, sat crouched up on their boxes with the lines drawn tightly, and their eyes sticking out like those of a choked mouse, who has been indulging too freely in cheese attached to the spring of a trap.

As the steamer was advertised to sail the next day, it became necessary for us to draw our observations to a close, and secure tickets for the voyage. In view of this, we directed our steps towards the office. While passing along Day st. a man about forty five years old, inquired if we were in quest of a ticket office. We accordingly replied that we were. He very politely informed us that the office was farther up the street, and very kindly offered to show it to us, as he was going that way himself. Taking us in another direction, he soon brought us to a large and well furnished office. We soon discovered from the appearance of things within, that it was one of those Peter Funk-Shops, with which the great metropolis abounds. We tarried a while, listened in perfect silence at their bogus speeches, till they began to froth at the mouth and madden at our taciturnity, and then walked out very much to their mortification. One of the chaps being sensible that their artifice had failed to accomplish its ends, followed out, and requested us to say nothing concerning them, and directed us to the genuine office, where we purchased tickets at a reduction of some fifty dollars.

This accommodating friend who piloted us to the bogus office, the reader will understand, was a runner, expressly for their office. His policy is changing streets, was to shun the company's office. These bogus officers first purchase their tickets of the company, and sell them at from fifty to a hundred dollars advance. They are well contrived to ensnare the unwary, and by the way, some six or eight were swindled at the above office, in less than an hour after we left.

On the 25th of March we embarked on the fine steamer Illinois. At 2 o'clock the signal gun was fired, the ship was freed from her moorings, and amid the firing of cannon and the buzzes of thousands, we bade adieu for a time to our native shore, and put out to sea.  
E. W. PERRY.

**QUALITY OF BEEF.**—At the International Fat Cattle Show, at Paris, the beef of the prize animals was brought to the table roasted. The Judges awarded as to quality: West Highland ox, Scotch, first; Devon ox, second; French ox, third; Short Horn and Angus, Scotch cross, fourth; Angus, Scotch, fifth; French ox, sixth; Short Horn, English, seventh; French, eighth.  
For Soup and Boiled Beef the Short Horn English ox, first.